

# THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR :: By PETER B. KYNE

Read This Gripping Story by Author of "The Kindred of the Dust," Told in Motion Pictures, Loew's Palace Beginning Sunday.

This great story has been created into a wonderful photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions, a division of Frank Borzage, and featuring Forest Stanley and Marie Daw. It is a Paramount picture.

BUT her mother had noticed the movement, and a swift glance toward her husband drew from him the briefest of nods, the most imperceptible of shrugs.

"Come, Johnny dear," she urged, and her voice had lost its accustomed shrillness now; "let us go forth and see what has happened to the Little Old Man of the Spade."

He followed her outside obediently, and arm in arm they walked around the patio toward the rear gate.

"Hello!" he murmured suddenly, and, with a firm hand under her chin, he tilted her handsome face upward. There were tears in her eyes. "What now?" he demanded tenderly. "Home come, old girl?"

"Nothing, John. I'm just an old fool—laughing when I'm not weeping and weeping when I ought to be laughing."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Don Mike's assumption that Pablo would seek balm for his injured feelings at the expense of the potato baron was one born of a very intimate knowledge of the mental processes of Pablo and those of his breed. And Pablo, on that fateful day, did not disappoint his master's expectations. He was, and stiff and creaky of joint, but what he lacked in physical prowess he possessed in guile. Forbidden to follow his natural inclination, which was to stab the potato baron frequently and fatally with a businesslike dirk which was never absent from his person except when he slept, Pablo had recourse to another artifice of his peculiar calling—to wit, the rawhide riata.

As Okada emerged from the dining-room into the patio Pablo

entered from the rear gate, riata in hand; as the Japanese crossed the garden to his room in the opposite wing of the hacienda Pablo made a deft little cast and dropped his loop neatly over the potato baron's body, pinning the latter's arms securely to his sides. Keeping a stiff strain on the riata, Pablo drew his victim swiftly toward the porch, round an upright of which he had taken a hitch; in a surprisingly brief period, despite the Jap's frantic efforts to release himself, Pablo had his man lashed firmly to the porch column, whereupon he proceeded to flog his prisoner with a heavy quirt which, throughout the operation, had dangled from his left wrist. With each blow old Pablo tossed a pleasant air at his victim, who took the dreadful scourging without an outcry, never ceasing a dogged effort to twist loose from his bonds until his straining and flinching loosed the ancient, rusty nails at top and bottom of the upright, and, with a crash, the Oriental fell headlong backward on the porch, as a tree falls. Thereupon Pablo kicked him half a dozen times for good measure, and proceeded to roll him over and over along the porch toward his room. Eventually this procedure unwound him from the riata; Pablo then removed the loop, and Okada staggered into his room and fell, fainting, on his bed.

His honor now quite clean, Pablo departed from the patio. He had been less than five minutes on his mission of vengeance, and when John Parker and his wife came out of the dining-room the sight of the imperturbable old major domo unconcernedly coiling his "twine" roused in them no apprehension as to the punishment that had overtaken Okada.

Having finished their luncheon—a singularly pleasant tete-a-tete—Don Mike and Kay joined Mr. and Mrs. Parker. At once Farrel's glance marked the absence of the porch column.

"I declare," he announced, with



Bill Conway, seated on the step of his flivver, entertains the younger element of the San Gregorio. From the Cosmopolitan production coming to Loew's Palace Sunday.

mock seriousness, "a portion of my veranda has given way. I wonder if a man could have been tied to it. I heard a crash, and at the time it occurred to me that it was a heavy crash—heavier than the weight of that old porch column would produce. Mr. Parker, may I suggest that you investigate the physical condition of our Japanese friend? He is doubtless in his room."

Parker flashed his host a quick glance, almost of resentment, and went to Okada's room. When he returned he said soberly:

"Pablo has beaten the little

fellow into a pitiable condition. He tied him to that porch column and flogged him with a quirt. While I cannot defend Okada's action in releasing Loustolot, nevertheless, Mr. Farrel—" Don Mike's black eyes burned like live coals. "Nevertheless—I—well—" Parker hesitated.

Don Mike's lips were drawn a

trifle in the ghost of a smile that was not good to see.

"I think, sir," he said softly,

distinctly, and with chill suavity, "that Mr. Okada might be grateful for the services of the excellent Murray, if the potato baron

is, as I shrewdly suspect he will be, leaving within five minutes."

"Good heavens, man, I believe it will be an hour before he can walk!"

Farrel glanced critically at his wrist-watch and seemed to ponder this.

"I fear five minutes is all I can permit, sir," he replied. "If he should be unable to walk from his room, Murray, who is the soul of thoughtfulness, will doubtless assist him to the waiting automobile."

Five minutes later the potato baron and the potato baron's suit-

case were lifted into the tonneau of the car by Murray and William. From over by the blacksmith shop Don Mike saw Parker bid his Japanese confere adieu, and as the car dipped below the mesa Parker came over and joined them.

"Thought you were going in to El Toro this afternoon," the young man suggested.

"I had planned to, but changed my mind after beholding that Nipponese ruin. To have driven to El Toro with him would have broken my heart."

"Never mind, pa," Mrs. Parker

Struggle of the Last of An Ancient California Line to Save the Family Estate From the Hands of the Encroaching Japanese.

consoled him: "You'll have your day in court, will you not?"

"I think he's going to have several of them," Don Mike predicted maliciously, and immediately withdrew the sting from his words by placing his hand in friendly fashion on Parker's shoulder and shaking him playfully. "In the interim, however," he continued, "now that our unwelcome guests have departed and peace has been re-established on El Palomar (for I hear Pablo whistling 'La Paloma' in the distance), what reason, if any, exists why we shouldn't start right now to get some fun out of life? I've had a wonderful forenoon at your expense, so I want you and the ladies to have a wonderful afternoon at mine." He glanced alertly from one to the other, questioningly.

"I wonder if the horses have recovered from their furious chase of this morning," Kay ventured.

"Of course. That was merely an exercise gallop. How would you all like to come for a ride with me over to the Agua Caliente basin?"

"Why the Agua Caliente basin?" Parker queried casually. "That's quite a distance from here, is it not?"

"About seven miles—fourteen over and back. Suppose William follows with the car after his return from El Toro. You can then ride back with him, and I'll bring the horses home. I realize fourteen miles is too great a distance for inexperienced riders."

"Isn't that going to considerable trouble?" Parker suggested suavely. "Suppose we ride down the valley. I prefer flat land to rolling country when I ride."

"No game down that way," Farrel explained patiently. "We'll take the horses and put something up a tree over Caliente Basin way before we get back. Besides, I have a great curiosity to inspect the dam you're building and the artesian wells you're drilling over in that country."

"Confound you, Farrel! You

realized the possibilities of that basin, then?"

"Years ago. The basin comes to a bottle-neck between two high hills; all you have to do is dam that narrow gorge, and when the Rio San Gregorio is up and brimming in freshest time, you'll have a lake a hundred feet deep, a mile wide, and five miles long before you know it. Did you ever consider the possibility of leading a ditch from the lake thus formed along the shoulder of El Palomar, that 4,500-foot peak for which the ranch is named, and giving it a 55 per cent, 900-foot drop to a snug little power-station at the base of the mountain. You could develop thirty or forty thousand horsepower very easily and sell it easier; after your water had passed through the penstock and delivered its power, you could run it off through a lateral to the main ditch down the San Gregorio and sell it to your Japanese farmers for irrigation."

"By Jupiter, I believe you would have done something with this ranch if you had had the backing, Farrel!"

"Never speculated very hard on securing the backing," Don Mike admitted, with a frank grin. "We always lived each day as if it were the last, you know. But over in Siberia, far removed from all my easy-going associations, both inherited and acquired, I commenced dreaming of possibilities in the Agua Caliente basin."

"Well then, since you insist, let's go over there and have your curiosity satiated," Parker agreed, with the best grace possible.

While the Parkers returned to the hacienda to change into their riding clothes, Miguel Farrel strolled over to the corral where Pablo Artales, wearing upon his leathery countenance the closest imitation of a smile that had ever lighted that dark expanse, joined him and, with Farrel, leaned over the corral fence and gazed at the horses within.

(Copyright, 1922, by Peter B. Kyne.)

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## WHAT THEY SAY America and Mothers

MRS. ARTHUR NEVIN, wife of the composer and head bacteriologist of the new sanatorium for shell-shocked veterans at Johnson City, N. Y.

"After the war those of our soldiers who were disabled because of 'shell shock' received scant sympathy. This disability was looked upon by soldier comrades as the poorest excuse to stop fighting or to be sent home, or to be cared for in institutions. Some of our boys got the idea that it was a disgrace to be called a shell-shocked patient. Now when we realize the number of shell-shocked victims who resist recovery in our government institutions, we clearly see how serious is this affliction. We should not forget our veterans so disabled."

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH, president of the Carnegie Institute—There is a sin which all states have committed, including, I think, our own country. It is in the popular misapprehension of the principle of patriotism. We can easily see that while patriotism is in the ideal is a noble instinct, yet it can be perverted into so base and dangerous a quality as to well merit the contemptuous definition given to it by Samuel Johnson: "Patriotism—that last refuge of a scoundrel! Whenever we put patriotism above humanity we are all going to fall into Dr. Johnson's category. We should put brotherhood above the nation, humanity above the

state, and exact equality, man for man, in civil and religious rights."

ABEL G. WARSHAWSKY, former boxer, now portrait painter—"I think that in America is the future of art. Our middle classes are becoming more and more interested in genuine art and, on every side one sees evidence that culture is coming into its own as against mere accumulation of wealth. Of course Europe appreciates art, but America is coming to appreciate it even more. America reigns supreme in architecture. Nowhere in the world is there such evidence of real inventive architecture as one finds here in the larger cities. European cities have their magnificent structures to be sure, but they build purely on tradition; there is nothing new. In contrast, look at such of our modern buildings as the Woolworth or the Bush Terminal!"

SOME RECIPES YOU WILL LIKE

HERE are some dishes found to appeal to the housekeeper who is tired of trying to think up changes that will suit the family appetite:

CURRIED LIMA BEANS. Cook one cup of Lima beans, covered with boiling water, with a sliced onion. Add a half cup of sweet corn or one-fourth cup of rice, one cup of tomato soup and one teaspoon of curry-powder. Simmer until the vegetables and rice are done. Add a little strong stock, salt, pepper and butter, simmer and serve.

SALMON EN CASSEROLE. If you use fresh fish, take about two pounds and simmer in enough hot water to cover. Flake the fish and put in a casserole in the bottom of which have been placed buttered bread-crumbs. Pour over this a can of the tomato soup and one cup of stock, seasoned. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake slowly for about an hour.

STEAK WITH VEGETABLE SOUP. Take a round steak that has been cut about an inch thick. Add to it a can of plain vegetable soup a half cup of butter and a cup of buttered bread-crumbs. Add a little mixed parsley, onion or any seasoning desired. Place this on top of the steak and roll up. The mixture is not the right consistency and more bread-crumbs. Fasten in place with skewers or toothpicks. Put in the roaster with a little water and fat. Bake until tender.

BEGINNING January 1 Royal S. Copeland, the newly-elected Senator from New York, will write a series of health articles for The Washington Herald. For many years Dr. Copeland has been commissioner of health of New York City and is an authority on how to keep well.

## VIRGINIA LEE ON PROBLEMS OF LIFE

DEAR VIRGINIA LEE:

I AM an unfortunate mother-in-law. I am only trying to do my best for my daughter-in-law, but I have met with no success. My only son married last year. He was unable to provide a home for his bride, owing to low salary and high rent.

I have some money in my own right, so I volunteered to care for them. For seven months I boarded and housed them free of charge.

Then when I saw an opportunity I bought a little house and gave them the more desirable lower floor for very little rent. I furnished almost the whole floor for them. I deprived myself, but I thought it was worth it for their sakes.

But my son's wife has only ideas of style in her head. She is often so disagreeable my son is depressed and grieved, and it is for him I worry.

She wants my money for herself. She spares me no misery. It is hurting me so I am thinking of moving away, but the thought of leaving my dear son is unbearable. I could never put my son and his wife out; I would rather go myself.

Do you think I am a typical mother-in-law like the word has come to mean? Do you see a way for me to win my daughter-in-law's love and make her see she is ruining both my life and her husband's?

MRS. GERTRUDE U. W.

You are typical of many mothers-in-law who strive their utmost for their children's welfare asking in return only the bit of love and gratitude that should be their share, but so often is not.

My regret is that your son did not fathom the shallowness of this girl before he took her to be his life partner.

Try not to worry over the situation. You have your son's love and you are not forced to come in contact with the daughter-in-law. By no means leave your home. I think your patience and kindness will be rewarded in the end.

The Latest Fad.

The smartest dressed women in Paris, Madrid, and Biarritz have discarded the long embroidered crepe de chine shawls for evening wear in favor of smaller ones of crepe fringed with little tufts of ostrich feather which quiver daintily in the slightest draught. The very thing to slip over one's shoulders when gossiping in the chilly foyer of a theater.

## Latest Word From Paris By Marie Suzanne

(Copyright, 1922.)

PARIS, France. KASHA cloth proves its continued favor by the number of costumes that use it. Paul Poiret's frock, at the left, is of king blue kasha cloth, edged with braid of matching color, and the slashed sleeve reveals a long-sleeved blouse of white georgette crepe, with a touch of blue at the cuff. All of this is exceedingly smart.



POIRET again displays a liking for king blue in a frock whose bodice of black velvet has great platted sleeves, and skirt of irregular length, of king blue houseline de sole. The front, back and sides of the skirt are finely platted, and reach in points to the floor, with much the effect of separate panels. Soutache of the same blue is used at the neck and waist-line.

Some Odd and Interesting Facts

The greatest distance at which thunder can be heard is fourteen to eighteen miles, but it is not generally heard at a greater distance than nine miles. In the re-pent war, the shell and bomb explosions, and the noise of the 15-inch guns of the Germans and the allies in France, were heard in the eastern part of England, at distances up to 150 miles.

Cherrapongee, in southwestern Assam, India, is the wettest place in the world. The annual rainfall there has reached 905 inches.

Vamp is an abbreviation of the word "vampire," which means a person who preys on others. According to a superstition existing among the Slavic races of the lower Danube, the vampire is a spectral being with a human body which leaves its grave during the night and sucks the warm blood of living men and women while they sleep. The term has been popularized by Kipling's famous poem, "The Vampire."

## NEW YORK CITY DAY BY DAY

By O. O. MCINTYRE. NEW YORK, Dec. 28.

THOUGHTS while strolling around New York: Wonderful Broadway. Entrance street. There's the Sord, the French actress. Carries a shepherd's crook. A hawker with an iron face peddling Rollo books. The Times Square boiling pot. Rush. Deluge. Maelstrom. A wagon callopie siren a movie drama. White haired messengers. Dangerous daughters. Breezy buccaners. Drifting derelicts. Too much alliteration. Didn't mean it. Billy Burke and her daughter. Wonder where Laurence D'Orey gets his clothes? Oil and tar perambulators. Always a street to fix. A new automat. Two of them have carriage starters. Glib hotel runners. Condo Nast, the publisher. A toothless hag primping in a drug store window. Pride primordial. Zip! Goes a manhole cover and nobody hurt.

Snappy Broadwayites are wearing black silk shirts with white ties. That groan must be a laundryman. The two Hall has a banker-preacher. I'll bet a kopek that girl cut her own hair. Incent. Burke derb e se se see Barrel-shaped women with chandelier earrings and fluffy white dogs.

O. to be at the Riviera! Or Miami. Great Grief! That fellow is roused. Less said, the better. Still, one should say something. An abandoned saloon. It will soon be an orange juice bazaar. More Czech-Slovakian plays. They are hitting on high just now.

The composer of "Hot Lips" eating a plate of ice cream. A delicate, frail, crescent moon. The home-going rush sets in. The maddening hour. Statistics show five will be killed in traffic centers. Strutting show girls. That's all there is. There isn't any more.

The members of the so called Vicious Circle of "log rollers" who puff one another's contributions to art, are becoming extremely sensitive to criticism. At a hotel where they hold forth for luncheon there are many empty chairs. One playwright member awakened the other morning to find his play unmercifully panned and an author a few days later did not find a favorable mention in the review of his books. As a matter of fact there should be no penalties attached to friendship and there is no reason why a writer cannot lift his voice for a friend who has done something worth while. The cause for resentment against the Vicious Circle lies deeper. It concerns a certain superiority that they affect that is not theirs by right of achievement in the arts.

The gloomiest fellow I know in New York is an artist who draws comic strips that make millions laugh. He is a perpetual fretter and can see no silver lining in the cloud. I saw him today and he was in a deep worry because he did not think the Giants had a chance to win the pennant next season.

Napoleon said that a man had a right to suicide if "his death will do no harm to anybody and life is a torment to himself."

## THE VENGEANCE OF Henry Jarromon

By Roy Vickers

"AND now," Theed added, rising, "I must thank you for a most delightful lunch—most delightful!"

Claudine rose also. "In plain English, you want to isolate him from the outside world," she said, curtly.

"Ah! Plain English! That cruel little phrase has broken many a heart and caused much unnecessary suffering," murmured Theed, shaking his head. He was apparently still laboring under that reflection when he emerged on to Cornish terrace, hailed a taxi and was driven to Doucester House.

"Is Lady Doucester at home?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the butler. "Dear me!" said Theed. "I have come on business of the utmost urgency. Dear me!"

The butler began to close the front door. Theed drew a fountain pen from the pocket of his dove-colored waistcoat and scribbled a line on the card.

"Will you take that to Lady Doucester, please?" Theed waited in the hall. A couple of minutes later the butler returned.

"Her ladyship will see you, sir."

Theed, waiting in the study for Lady Doucester to appear, studied the backs of the well-worn volumes on the shelves that lined the room.

"A fine old collection," he mused. "A grand old family! Sustains the best traditions of aristocracy! In these decadent days the Doucesters are a positive ornament to society."

He stiffened and then swayed himself into a bow as Lady Doucester appeared.

"Ah, my dear Lady Doucester, how do you do?"

Lady Doucester, too composed to be entirely natural, bestowed the necessary minimum of greeting, and then, holding his card as if it were an object of curiosity, asked:

"What does 'in re Camden and Jarromon' mean? It sounds like a lawsuit. Is it?"

"It may well become so, Lady Doucester," answered Theed, in a voice like a funeral. "The event hangs largely with yourself."

"The event hangs largely with myself," repeated Lady Doucester, as if she were trying to think out what the words meant, as indeed she was. "That means you're going to threaten me about something. Sit down, Mr. Theed. I am in the mood to be threatened today."

"I assure you that I have never threatened any one in my life," said Theed, on the apparent verge of tears.

"I know," said Lady Doucester. "But, you see, there are a large number of people who allow you the privilege of doing them a favor—and it costs them just as much in the end. What particular favor do you want to do for me this afternoon?"

She had seated herself, as was her custom, in a corner of the room where the light was softened by the window hangings. Not a flicker of her eyelids betrayed the state of her feelings.

(Copyright, 1922, by Chicago Tribune.)

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



PAPER used in two ways. One to denote what one first thinks of—stationery; and the other—paper narcissus bulbs. Both are being featured at Brentano's, for this after-Christmas week, at prices half of what they were a few days ago. The bulbs in pretty bowie blossoms quickly and party-furnish the room with their delicate and springlike fragrance, and the writing paper is something that fills the needs of many. The schoolgirl, the hostess, the recipient of many gifts, well, all of us, need and admire stationery of excellent bond, so this sale has a great appeal.

A CLEVER vanity accessory is one of the unusual things for sale at Topham's Leather Shop, on F street. The case is of old blue leather, lined with self-colored silk and especially designed to hold dainty perfume and rouge compact and both lipstick and eyebrow pencil in tiny gold holders. Small enough to fit in the opera or party bag, smart enough to stand on a lady's dressing table and useful at all times. The price, \$7.50, places it within reach of that \$10 Christmas check that was burning a hole in your purse.

BURT'S BOOT SHOP is meeting the demands of the holiday season by placing silver slippers on sale for \$10. These slippers were formerly priced at \$12.50. In several different lasts and designs, with either high or low heel. And hosiery to match for the remarkable price of \$1.95. As fashion demands the use of silver and gold slippers, this sale is a welcome one.